

Portrait of the Artist

A Beat, Hippie, etc,
Whatever, spoke
the Languages.

At home with all
the vacancy
always!

Whole Smear!
Talent? None
discernable!

Unless Time's one.
That's what
he calls himself,

his fear-
less schtick
being timeless!

dialialect

acerbic and enthu

No talent

Life a talent

Head that of mere existence
in oer eras

Bullshit forever!

motto

Tc